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MARBLE HILL, - - MISSOURI

NORTH DAKOTA'S prohibition vote was 18,547.

IT is reported that Secretary Blaine prefers Chicago to New York for the World's fair.

THERE are more than six hundred students enrolled in the academic department of Cornell College, Mt. Vernon, Ia. This justifies the footing up to one thousand students for the year, which is the largest showing in the history of this College.

THE revelations of a Kansas City convention of Authors and Artists is that the literary movement is growing painfully intense throughout the west. One of the embarrasments of travel in that section now is the uncertainty which prevails in the mind of the stranger when he is met by a committee of citizens, as to whether he is in the hands of a Browning society, or of a sheriff's posse.

AUSTRIA sends forth the latest invention in the way of a cheap mouth instrument. It is generally called the "sweet potato," though the correct name is ocarina. It is a combination of the flute and clarionet, made of clay, exactly resembling a sweet potato in shape, and is probably the easiest learned musical instrument ever invented. It is clear in tone and answers well for experiments with the phonograph.

TOO many young men with slender purses are trying to keep up with society at a pace that kills. Here is an example of a hustling young man of New York named Max Soloman, who has just been sent to the city prison to serve out a sentence for obtaining money under false pretenses. He had been leading the dual life of a beggar and a man in society; residing in a fashionable boarding-house, daily donning a disguise and begging from door to door, and nightly splurging as a member of the Stock Exchange.

THE average Republican vote of North Dakota was 70 per cent of the total vote cast. Less than 20 per cent of the vote was cast against the constitution. Prohibition was carried by a vote of 18,547 for to 17,425 against. The total vote on the proposition fell below 36,000, or 8,000 less than the total vote on state officers. Such an overwhelming Republican victory in North Dakota—almost two to one—was not expected by either party. The legislature has thirteen Democrats out of ninety-two members, and only one county, Oliver with its seventy-seven votes, went Democratic in all North Dakota.

THE London fire department is found to consist of but 589 men all told according to the inspection of an American fireman. This number he says includes clerks, hostlers and other noncombatants. The police force of the same city numbers 14,000 men. The area of London is 122 square miles, and it has but fifty-eight small steam fire engines. It is claimed that the better methods of building employed by the British metropolis greatly removes the risk of fire, but at the same time it is noticed that a considerable number occur daily. It is noticeable that the London fireman lose time in getting reports of fires, also in sending out first hand-engines, reserving the steam for later reinforcement. They have not the American swinging harness, to so quickly attach the animals to the machine, and know nothing of the big boots bedecked with trousers for speedy dressing, and the sliding poles.

THE following story comes from a well-known editor—one who never talks shop unless he has something worth telling—and was jotted down by a listening reporter: "Not long ago," he said, "I received a poem from an unknown contributor who lived in a little western town. The letter accompanying the manuscript was written in that confidential strain which always proves the writer to be an untrained contributor to the press. After praising my paper and informing me that he had been a reader of it for more years than it had been in existence, he had taken the liberty of sending me a little poem for publication. The honor of appearing in print was all the remuneration he desired; indeed, he was frank enough to state that he did not consider the verses enclosed had any market value. When I examined the poem I found it was one I had written myself many years before, and for which I had received a handsome sum."

FROM the following it would appear interesting to watch the future career of clerks so carefully tended. They ought to make phenomenal men—one way or the other. The Insurance Chronicle says: "Clerks in one of the prominent insurance offices in New York are not allowed during working hours to use more than 'one adjective to a noun;' they are required to address the president after the style of a specified formula; they are not permitted to make 'unnecessary noises'—although necessary noises which do not 'cost the company money' will be excused; lead pencils must not be whittled 'away in unnecessary pointing;' blotters must be used to 'the full extent of their absorbing qualities,' and ink must not be thrown away in order to remove the hair from the bottom of an ink stand. [illegible] The company [illegible] the habits of

HIS MOTHER'S PICTURE.

COWPER.

My mother! When I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps, a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day;
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away;
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such? It was. Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived.
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow, even from a child;
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

A BRIEF SORROW.

CHAPTER I.—(CONTINUED.)

"Tom, I have such a charming partner for you for the next dance." Mrs. Stephenson was saying by this time. "Come, and I will introduce you."

Tom hesitated, and hung back a little sheepishly.

"There must be plenty of others, Mrs. Stephenson; and I—I—let me see what is the next dance? A valse—and I don't valse."

"Oh, never mind that! I have my orders, I assure you."—and she smiled encouragingly. "Come, you won't find her very alarming, and you know you are not a schoolboy now, Tom."

So Tom went, not having time to wonder what Mrs. Stephenson could have meant when she spoke of her "orders"; and Faith accepted the hand of young Sidney Bertram, a little surprised and disappointed at losing Tom so soon. She was too shy and insignificant to attract much attention at an evening party even when, as now, it was only a small one; and she preferred it so; but she had counted on Tom as her faithful adherent for the rest of the evening, knowing his schoolboy-like fear of strange young ladies.

After the valse was over Tom did not return, and Faith could not catch sight of him. The next dance—a quadrille—she sat out alone; for there was a scarcity of gentlemen, and then she saw him, in a set at the other end of the room, with a young lady—a small figure in shimmering primrose satin, whose head scarcely reached his shoulder. Agnes Berkeley, Tom's sister, was dancing in the same set—a tall fair girl of only fifteen, but looking older than Faith, and attracting far more attention on account of her good looks. Mary Tregelles was sitting on a lounge with Sir Nestor Goldeney, the "lion" of the occasion, a middle-aged baronet lately returned from India with any number of rupees and a disordered liver, and who seemed to be trying to make himself agreeable to his companion with about the same success as other men had met with.

When Mrs. Stephenson had succeeded in luring Tom away from Faith's side, she had taken his arm and led him across the room to the young lady with whom she had been talking.

"Nina, my dear," she said, with her bland smile, "allow me to present to you the elder son of our old friend and neighbor, Mr. Berkeley of the Manor, near us, who wishes to dance with you. Tom, this is our visitor from London—Louise's school-friend, Miss Derwent."

Miss Derwent curtseyed, and Tom made a graceful bow.

"I am disengaged for the next dance," observed Miss Derwent graciously, in reply to her hostess.

"But," said Tom lamely, "I can't valse; I—I——"

"Shall I teach you?" suggested Miss Derwent, with a smile that lighted up her small pale face in an odd way that attracted Tom's attention.

"I—I am afraid I should be very stupid," he stammered; but she interrupted him.

"Oh—no, I am sure you would not!"

"There's a kind offer for you, Tom," put in the widow, patronisingly.

"Very kind," agreed the young fellow, still hesitating and stammering. "And, of course, I could't think of refusing it, if you really mean it."

Mrs. Stephenson nodded to them and walked away, and Tom was left alone with his horror—a strange young lady. But he did not seem to find her so terrible. She made a remark about the heat of the room, and he replied, eyeing her comprehensively the while. Nina Derwent had charms but they were not such as attracted general admiration; those who courted her society were apt to find her singularly fascinating. She was small, slender, fairy-like, with quick movements and an arch smile. She was one of those women who look well by artificial light, but who require very careful dressing in the daytime to redeem them from insignificance. But to Tom, who had spent all his life in a country village, who had seen something of beauty in his cousin and sister, and some of the rustic maidens of the neighborhood, but nothing of art or coquetry, Nina Derwent appeared a being from another world.

The valse began almost immediately, and Tom's partner found him an apt pupil; for he had a general knowledge of dancing and a natural ease of movement that surmounted all difficulties.

"Your step will suit mine perfectly!" she declared, as the music stopped.

"Then I hope you will dance with me again?" he said at once eagerly.

"Oh, I dare say I shall!"

"The next," he urged growing bolder—"do give me the next! I can dance that without troubling you to teach me, it's a quadrille."

Miss Derwent hesitated, looking about her. Sir Nestor Goldeney was still engaged with Mary Tregelles, who did not value, "because the parson wouldn't like it." Tom had irreverently declared, when his step-mother had remarked upon Mary's sitting the valses at the county-ball. Mr. Rowland was dutifully attending upon his fiance, Louisa; Sidney Bertram was asking Agnes Berkeley to dance; nobody was approaching the corner in which she and Tom were sitting; so she turned to him smilingly.

"Very well—this one. But you must not be unreasonable you know; there are others."

"Oh, we won't think about the others until they come," he broke in, eagerly and gratefully; but his speech did not seem to please Miss Derwent, judging from the expression that passed across her face. It was gone in a moment however and she was inquiring vivaciously if that pretty girl in blue was his sister.

"If you mean that one," he replied, indicating Agnes—"yes, she is."

"Ah, I knew it by the likeness!" she declared; and then, catching Tom's glance, she burst out in a little ripple of laughter. "How silly of me to say that! Now, I hope you won't grow conceited!"

"Not likely!" he declared bluntly, though he was laughing too. "There's not much flattery wasted over me, I can tell you!"

"Perhaps you don't deserve it?" she suggested archly.

"What makes you thing that I don't?"

"I did not say that I thought so."

"I hope you do not think so."

After the quadrille was over, Miss Derwent proposed that Tom should take her to get some lemonade—the rooms were so hot.

"I'm so sorry I didn't think of it!" he protested penitently. "But, you know"—bluntly—"that I'm not at all used to this sort of thing."

"Are you not?" she queried, raising her eye brows. "I should have thought you were."

Tom blushed like a school-girl at the implied compliment.

"I—I don't usually care about parties and such things," he returned; "but they pursuaded me to come to-night; and now I'm very glad I did."

Miss Derwent looked up at him and smiled. The boy's brain seemed to whirl. It was his first intoxicating draught of the cup of life.

On their way they passed so close to Faith that the lace flounce bordering Miss Derwent's prim-rose satin dress swept over the girl's feet. Tom did not even see her; for he was gazing eagerly down at his companion with a flush on his checks and a light in his eyes that had never shone there before.

Agnes Berkeley was in the refreshment-room with Sidney Bertram, and Phyllis Stephenson with her prospective brother-in-law, together with some others. Tom called his sister rather eagerly and introduced her to his new acquaintance. Miss Derwent was pleasant and smiling, and plunged into easy conversation with a readiness that Agnes hardly reciprocated. She was a rather cold-mannered girl, with not much to say for herself at present, though her face was full of a daily developed intelligence.

Miss Derwent had an ice, and ate it between her replies to Tom's half-whispered remarks and snatches of conversation with Phyllis and Mr. Rowland. The latter gentleman asked her for the next valse on the program, and she promised it gaily; but Tom was indignant—he had so longed to valse with her again.

Nina accepted a cream-cake, first taking off her delicate twelve-buttoned primrose glove, giving Tom a view of a white arm and slender hand; and, when she was ready to go back, she put on the glove and essayed to but on it; but soon declared it a hopeless task and implored Tom's help, with a look up at the tall lad that set his heart beating madly, so that he hardly knew where he was or what he was doing. He broke off the first two buttons that he touched—which was not surprising, since it was the first time in his life that he had been called upon to perform such a task. Mr. Rowland came to his rescue with a tiny gold button-hook that he kept in his pocket against such emergencies, or Miss Derwent's glove would have fared badly; and while Tom stood by she scolded him for his awkwarkness, smiling up at him all the while and shaking her little head at him as he looked down at her, his ears tingling, half with shame at his roughness, half with a new overwhelming excitement.

"I was so sorry to hear you give away that valse!" Tom said, as he took Miss Derwent back to the dancing-room, her little hand upon his sleeve.

"You could not expect to have them all, could you?" she demanded.

"Oh, no! But——"

"There now I must leave you! Here is my next partner. Never mind"—encountering his blank look archly—"we shall meet again!"

"Oh, yes!" he said eagerly, happy again in a moment at her tone and manner; and then he went away, not to find a partner for himself, but to sit down at a distance, where he thought she would not observe him, and watch her dancing, talking, smiling, but not—so he fancied—as she had danced and talked and smiled with him. She was conspicuous among the rest in her obviously town made dress, and had she not been so, his eyes would have found no difficulty in following her—he saw no one else in the room.

The dance after that was Mr. Rowland's, and the next Sir Nestor Goldeney's. Tom, sitting by himself and refusing all offers to get him partners, thought that there would be no other chance for him that night. He was therefore almost wild with delight when Miss Derwent bestowed upon him the supper-dance, after waiting and hesitating until the last moment; and in due time he found himself walking off with her to the room in which the supper was laid. He had wanted to wait a little, and go when there were fewer people present; but Miss Derwent had insisted on going at the very moment when he was urging his plea, hurrying him off in a sudden way that puzzled him for a moment; but he was too happy to trouble himself about it.

At the supper table Sir Nestor Goldeney was at Nina's left hand, the Baronet having taken in Miss Tregelles; and Faith was at Tom's right hand, as he discovered presently, much to his amazement.

"Why, Faith," he said—Miss Derwent being engaged just then in talking to Sir Nestor—"what have you been doing with yourself all this time? I've never set eyes on you once since I left you."

"Oh, I have seen you!" answered Faith cheerfully. "I have been dancing sometimes—not always; there are not gentlemen enough for us all to dance every time. Agnes has danced every dance, though. And how do you like it, Tom? Are you sorry you came?"

"Sorry! No—awfully glad! I've been having such a jolly evening, Faith! I didn't think this sort of thing was so nice. And, I say, Faith, you must dance with me again, mind——" And there he stopped, hesitating in some embarrassment, unwilling to bind himself to Faith for a dance for which Miss Derwent might possibly be disengaged, and yet suddenly conscious of, and anxious to atone for, his neglect of his old friend. "I'll come presently and see what dances you have to spare," he said rather awkwardly.

"'Sir Roger de Coverley' to wind up!" whispered Miss Derwent, turning to Tom at this moment.

"And will you dance it with me?" he questioned eagerly, forgetting all about Faith directly.

"Perhaps, if you stand just where I like best."

"Of course—I'll do anything in the world that you like!" he declared; and she smiled at him, and turned away again to Sir Nestor.

Miss Derwent did not leave Tom for long at a time; she continually made arch observations upon their neighbors and their surroundings, which made him pronounce her a very clever girl indeed.

After supper she danced again with Sir Nestor; and then, the Vicar having appeared on the scene, he was brought to be introduced to her—the only stranger in the room—and she remained in conversation with him throughout the next dance, in spite of Tom's impatience. She danced "Sir Roger" with her youthful adorer; and, when the party broke up and he bade her a reluctant good-bye, she gave him a flower from her dress, together with a smile that sent him home in a transport of bliss.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Trying to Fool a Spider.

A gentleman was watching some spiders, when it occurred to him to try what effect the sound of a tuning fork would have upon them. He suspected they would take it for the buzzing of a fly. He selected a large ugly spider that had been feasting on flies for two months. The spider was at one edge of its web. Sounding a fork the man touched a thread at the other side and wretched the result. Mr. Spider had the buzzing sound conveyed to him over his telephone wires, but how was he to know on which particular wire it was traveling? He ran to the center of his web very quickly and felt all around until he touched the thread against the other end of which the fork was sounding; then, taking an extra thread along just as a man would take an extra rope, he ran out to the fork and sprang upon it. Then he retreated a little way and looked at the fork. He was puzzled. He got on the fork again and danced with delight. Evidently the sound was music to him.—Toronto Globe.

A Poetic Language.

The language of the Finns is peculiarly adapted to poetic form. The flexibility of its construction, the variety and picturesqueness of its expressions, the abundance and originality of its figures, all tend to make it the fit vehicle of that poetic inspiration which the Finn receives from his environment—the long dark stretches of birch and pine forest, wreathed with garlands and fringes of lichens, which in this northern climate are particularly beautiful, and whose somber shadows form a telling background for the leaping cascades and waterfalls, clad in their white mantle of foam.

Two Billion Tons of Water.

Some idea may be formed of the vast quantities of waterdis charged by South Fork lake in the Conemaugh valley when compared to the flow over Niagara Falls. Estimating the Niagara supply at 33,000,000 ton of 36 cubic feet per hour, and taking the measurement of the lake to have been 1¼ miles wide with a mien depth of 30 feet, we have the enormous volume of 1,000,000,000,000 tons of water, which would require 20 hours in passing over Niagara Falls.

He Was Born Too Soon.

Officer Houlihan—"An' who does this represint, Teddy?"

Officer O'Rouke—"Hercules."

Officer Houlihan—"An' is he dead now?"

Officer O'Rouke (impatiently)—"Yis; these four thousand years, ye blamed fool!"

Officer Houlihan (sadly)—"What a pity—look at the club of him. Sure its a foine man he would have made on the force!"

Quick to Act.

Smith—I've just taken some of Dr. Quack's medicine; thought I would try a new doctor. Do you know much about him?

Jones—Yes, a little. A friend of mine took some of his medicine once.

"Did, eh? Was it quick to act?"

"Oh, yes; there was crape on the door the next morning."

Nationality of Our Workingmen.

In the larger towns of the United States stone masonry is mostly done by Italians, Englishmen and Irishmen lay the bricks. The heavy work of putting on the beams or of framing and placing in position the roof falls to the Germans, and Irishmen and Americans in about equal numbers do the plumbing. In all the trades except plumbing the best workmen, those who command the steadiest employment, are those of foreign birth; but it seems likely that the plumbing trade is destined to be largely in the hands of natives. Certain descriptions of labor, such as the building of aqueducts and bridges, formerly done by Irishmen, are now carried out by Italians, by whom also the fruit trade is nearly monopolized. We look to the Germans for our lager and to the French largely for our confectionery and restaurants, and in more cases than not we find that a special distribution of trade is effected by the several nationalities.

An Irishman named Casey died recently in Albuquerque very wealthy. By his will he left to Gen. J. A. Williamson of Iowa, [illegible] a million dollars for a favor to [illegible] long ago forgotten.

THE ONE SAFE RELIANCE.

Talmage Names the One Straight Way to the Heavenly Gates.

"The Saving Look" was the Subject of the Eminent Divine's Sabbath Discourse—Faith the Gift of God—Look to Jesus and Ye Shall Find It.

It was a thoroughly spiritual discourse that Rev. T. De Witt Talmage delivered from the Tabernacle pulpit in Brooklyn on Sunday. The subject was: "The Saving Look," and the text Hebrews xii, 2: "Looking unto Jesus." Dr. Talmage said:

In the Christian life we must not go slipshod. This world was not made for us to rest in. In time of war you will find around the streets of some city, far from the scene of conflict, men in soldier's uniform, who have a right to be away. They obtained a furlough and they are honestly and righteously off duty; but I have to tell you in this Christian conflict, between the first moment when we enlist under the banner of Christ, and the last moment in which we shout the victory, there never will be a single instant in which we will have a right to be off duty. Paul throws all around this Christian life the excitements of the old Roman and Grecian games—those games that sent a man on a race, with such a stretch of nerve and muscle, that sometimes when he came up to the goal, he dropped down exhausted. Indeed, history tells us that there were cases where men came up and only had strength just to grasp the goal and then fall dead. Now, says this apostle, making allusion to those very games, we are all out to run the race, not to crawl it, not to walk it—but "run the race set before us, looking unto Jesus," and just as in the olden times, a man would stand at the end of the road with a beautiful garland that was to be put around the head or brow of the successful racer, so the Lord Jesus Christ stands at the end of the Christian race with the garland of eternal life, and may God grant that by his holy spirit we may so run as to obtain.

The distinguished Welliston, the chemist, was asked where his laboratory was, and the inquirers expected to be shown some large apartment filled with very expensive apparatus; but Welliston ordered his servant to bring on a tray a few glasses and a retort, and he said to the inquirers: "That is all my laboratory. I make all my experiments with those." Now, I know that there are a great many who take a whole library to express their theology. They have so many theories on ten thousand things; but I have to say that all my theology is compassed in these three words: "Looking unto Jesus," and when we can understand the height and the depth and the length and the breadth and the infinity and the immensity of that passage we can understand all.

I remark in the first place, we must look to Christ as our personal Saviour. Now, you know as well as I, that man is only a blasted ruin of what he once was. There is not so much difference between a vessel coming out of Liverpool harbor, with pennants flying and the deck crowded with good cheer, and the guns booming, and that same vessel driving against Long Island coast, the drowning passengers ground to pieces amid the timbers of the broken up steamer, as there is between man as he came from the hands of God, equipped for a grand and glorious voyage, but afterward, through the pilotage of the devil, tossed and driven and crushed, the coast of the near future strewn with the fragments of an awful and eternal shipwreck. Our body is wrong. How easily it is ransacked of disease. Our mind is wrong. How hard it is to remember, and how easy to forget. The whole nature disordered, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot—wounds, bruises, putrefying sores. "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." "By one man sin entered into the world and death by sin, and so death has passed upon all men for that all have sinned." There is in Brazil a plant they call the "murderer," for the simple reason that it is so poisonous it kills almost everything it touches. It begins to wind around the root of the tree, and coming up to the branches reaches out to the ends of the branches, killing the tree as it goes along. When it has come to the tip end of the branch the tree is dead. Its seeds fall to the ground and start other plants just as murderous.

And so it is with sin. It is a poisonous plant that was planted in our soul a long while ago, and it comes winding about the body and the mind and the soul, poisoning, poisoning, poisoning—killing, killing, killing as it goes. Now, there would be no need of my discoursing upon this if there were no way of plucking out that plant. It is a most inconsiderate thing for me to come to a man who is in financial trouble and enlarge upon his trouble if I have no alleviation to offer. It is an unfair thing for me to come to a man who is sick and enlarge upon his disease if I have no remedy to offer. But I have a right to come to a man in financial distress or physical distress if I have financial re-enforcement to offer or a sure cure to propose. Blessed be God that among the mountains of our sin there rolls and reverberates a song of salvation. Louder than all the voices of bondage is the trumpet of God's deliverance, sounding: "Oh, Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thy help." At the barred gates of our dungeon, the conqueror knocks and the hinges creak and grind at the swinging open. The famine struck pick up the manna that falls in the wilderness and the floods clap their hands, saying: "Drink, oh thirsty soul, and live forever," and the feet that were torn and deep cut on the rocky bridle path of sin now come into a smooth place, and the dry alders crackle as the panting hart breaks through to the water brooks, and the dark night of the soul begins to grow gray with the morning, yea to purple, yea to flame, from horizon to horizon. The batteries of temptation silenced. Troubles that fought against us captured and made to fight on our side. Not as a result of any toil or trouble on our part, but only as a result of "Looking unto Jesus." "But what do you mean by 'Looking unto Jesus?'" some one inquires. I mean faith. "What do you mean by faith?" I mean believing. "What do you mean by believing?" I mean this: If you promise to do a certain thing for me, and I have confidence in your veracity—if you say you will give me such a thing and I need it very much, I come in confidence that you are an honest man and will do what you say. Now, the Lord Jesus Christ says: "You are in need of pardon and life and heaven, you can have them if you come and get them." You say: "I can't come and ask first. I am afraid you won't give it to me." Then you are unbelieving. But you say: "I will come and ask. I know, Lord Jesus, thou art in earnest about this matter. I come asking for pardon. Thou hast promised to give it to me, then will give it to me, thou hast given it to me." That is faith. Do you see it yet? "Oh," says some one, "I can't understand it." No man ever did, without divine help. Faith is the gift of God. You say: "That throws the responsibility off my shoulders" No. Faith is the gift of God, but it comes in answer to prayer.

All over glorious is my Lord.
He must be loved and yet adored;
His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him, too.

I remark again, that we must look to Jesus as an example. Now, a mere copyist, you know, is always a failure. If a painter go to a portfolio or a gallery of art, however exquisite, to get his idea of the natural world from these pictures, he will not succeed as well as the artist who starts out and dashes the dew from the grass and sees the morning just as God built it in the clouds, or poured it upon the mountain, or kindled it upon the sea. People wondered why Turner, the famous English painter, succeeded so well in sketching a storm upon the ocean. It remained a wonder until it was found out that several times he had been lashed to the deck in the midst of a tempest and then looked out upon the wrath of the sea, and coming home to his studio, he pictured the tempest. It is not the copyist who succeeds, but the man who confronts the natural world. So if a man in literary composition resolves that he will imitate the smoothness of Addison or the rugged vigor of Carlyle, or the weirdness of Spenser, or the epigrammic style of Ralph Waldo Emerson, he will not succeed as well as that man who cultures his own natural style. What is true in this respect is true in respect to character. There were men who were fascinated with Lord Byron. He was lame and wore a very large collar. Then there were tens of thousands of men who resolved that they would be just like Lord Byron, and they limped and wore large collars, but they did not have any of his genius. You cannot successfully copy a man whether he is bad or good. You may take the very best man that ever lived and try and live like him, and you will make a failure. There never was a better man than Edward Payson. Many have read his biography, not understanding that he was a sick man, and they thought they were growing in grace because they were growing like him in depression of spirit. There were men to copy Cowper, the poet, a glorious man, but sometimes afflicted with melancholy almost to insanity. The copyists got Cowper's faults but none of his virtues.

There never was but one Being fit to copy. A few centuries ago he came out through humble surroundings, and with a gait and manner and behavior different from anything the world had seen. Among all classes of people he was a perfect model. Among fishermen, he showed how fisherman should act. Among taxgatherers, he showed how taxgatherers should act. Among lawyers, he showed how lawyers should act. Among farmers, he showed how farmers should act. Among rulers, he showed how rulers should act. Critics tried to find in his conversation or sermons something unwise or unkind or inaccurate; but they never found it. They watched him, oh how they watched him! He never went into a house but they knew it, and they knew how long he stayed, and when he came out, and whether he had wine for dinner. Slander twisted her whips and wagged her poisoned tongue and set her traps, but could not catch him. Little children rushed out to get from him a kiss, and old men tottered out to the street corner to see him pass.

Do you want an illustration of devotion, behold him whole nights in prayer. Do you want an example of suffering, see his path across Palestine tracked with blood. Do you want an example of patience, see him abused and never giving one sharp retort. Do you want an example of industry see him without one idle moment. Do you want a specimen of sacrifice, look at his life of self denial, his death of ignominy, his sepulcher of humiliation. Oh what an example! His feet wounded, yet he submitted to the journey. His back lacerated, and yet he carried the cross. Struck, he never struck back again. Condemned, yet he rose higher than his calumniators, and with wounds in his hands and wounds in his feet and wounds on his brow and wounds in his side, he ejaculated: "Father forgive them, they know not what they do." Ah, my brethren, that is the pole by which to set your compass, that is the headland by which to steer, that is the light by which to kindle your lamps, that is the example that we ought all to follow. How it would smooth out the roughness in our disposition, and the world would be impressed by the transformation and would say: "I know what is the matter with that man, he has been with Jesus and has learned of him."

Alexander was going along with his army in Persia and the snow and ice were so great that the army halted and said: "We can't march any further." Then Alexander dismounted from his horse, took a pickax, went ahead of his army and struck into the ice and snow. The soldiers said: "If he can do that, we can do it," and they took their picks and soon the way was cleared and the army marched on. So our Lord dismounted from his glory, and through all icy obstacles hews a path for himself and a path for us, saying: "Follow me! I do not ask you to go through any battles where I do not lead the way! Follow me!"

Again I remark, that we are to look to Christ as a sympathizer. Is there anybody in the house to-day who does not want sympathy? I do not know how anybody can live without sympathy. There are those, however, who have gone through very rough paths in life who had no divine arm to lean on. How they got along I do not exactly know. Their fortunes took wings in some unfortunate investment and flew away. The bank failed, and they buttoned up a penniless pocket. Ruthless speculators carried off the fragments of an estate they were twenty-five years in getting with hard work. How did they stand it without Christ? Death came into the nursery and there was an empty crib. One voice less in the household. One fountain less of joy and laughter. Two hands less, busy all day long in sport. Two feet less to go bounding and romping through the hall. Two eyes less to beam with love and gladness. Through all that house shadow after shadow, shadow after shadow until it was midnight. How did they get through it? I do not know. They trudged the great Sahara with no water in the goat skins. They plunged to their chin in the slough of despond and had no one to lift them. In an unseaworthy craft they put into a black Euroclydon.

My brother, my sister, there is a balm that cures the worst wound. There is a light that will kindle up the worst darkness. There is a harbor from the roughest ocean. You need and may have the Saviour's sympathy. You cannot get on this way. I see your trouble is wearing you out body and mind and soul. I come on no fool's errand to day. I come with a balm that can heal any wound. Are you sick? Jesus was sick. Are you weary? Jesus was weary. Are you persecuted? Jesus was persecuted. Are you bereaved? Did not Jesus weep over Lazarus? Oh, yes, like a roe on the mountains of Bether Jesus comes bounding to your soul to-day. There is one passage of Scripture, every word of which is a heart throb: "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Then there is another passage just as good: "Cast thy burden on the Lord and he will sustain thee." Oh, there are green pastures where the heavenly shepherd leads the wounded and sick of the flock.

The Son of God stands by the tomb of Lazarus and will gloriously break it open at the right time. Genesaret cannot toss its waves so high that Christ cannot walk them. The cruse of oil will multiply into an illimitable supply. After the orchard seems to have been robbed of all its fruit, the Lord has one tree left, full of golden and ripe supply. The requiem may wail with gloom and with death; but there cometh after a while a song, a chant, an anthem, a battle march, a jubilee, a coronation. Oh, do you not feel the breath of Christ's sympathy now, you wounded ones, you troubled ones? If you do not, I would like to tell you of the chaplain in the army who was wounded so he could not walk, but he heard at a distance among the dying a man who said: "Oh, my God!" He said to himself: "I must help that man though I can't walk."

So he rolled over and rolled through his own blood and rolled on over many of the slain, until he came where this poor fellow was suffering and he preached to him the comfort of the Gospel, and with his own wound he seemed to sooth that man's wound. It was sympathy going out towards an object most necessitous, and one that he could easily understand. And so it is with Christ, though wounded all over himself, he hears the cry of our repentance, the cry of our bereavement, the cry of our poverty, the cry of our wretchedness, and he says: "I must go and help that soul," and he rolls over with wounds in head, wounds in hands, wounds in feet, toward us, until he comes just where we are weltering in our own blood, and he puts his arm over us—and I see it is a wounded hand—and as he throws his arm over us I hear him say: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love."

These instruments of earthly music, so easily racked into discord, compared with the harps that thrill with eternal raptures, and the trumpets that are so musical that they wake the dead. These streets along which we go panting in summer heat or shivering in winter's cold, and the poor man carries his burden and the vagrant asks for alms, and along which shuffle the feet of pain and want and woe, compared with those streets that sound forever with the feet of joy and holiness, and those walls made out of all manner of precious stones, the light intershot with reflections from jasper and chrysolite and topaz and sardonyx and beryl and emerald and chrysoprasus.

Oh, the contrast between this world, where we struggle with temptation that will not be conquered, and that world where it is perfect joy, perfect holiness and perfect rest! Said a little blind child: "Mamma, will I be blind in heaven?" "Oh, no, my dear," replied the mother, "you won't be blind in heaven." A little lame child said: "Mamma, will I be lame in heaven?" "No," she replied, "you won't be lame in heaven." Why, when the plainest Christian pilgrim arrives at the heavenly gate it opens to him, and as the angels come down to escort him in, and they spread the banquet, and they keep festival over the august arrival, and Jesus comes with a crown and says, "Wear this," and with a palm and says, "Wave this," and points to a throne and says, "Mount this." Then the old citizens of heaven come around to hear the newcomer's recital of deliverance wrought for him, and as the newly arrived soul tells of the grace that pardoned and the mercy that saved him, all the inhabitants shout the praise of the King, crying, "Praise Him! Praise Him!"

Quaint John Bunyan caught a glimpse of that consummation when he said: "Just as the gates were opened to let in the man, I looked in after them, and behold the city shone like the sun; the streets were also paved with gold and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, and golden harps to sing praises withal. And after that they shut up the gates, which when I had seen I wished myself among them."

A MODEL TOWN.

The Visit of American Workingmen to Saltaire, England.

While in England the party of American workingmen sent to the Paris exposition visited the Yorkshire town of Saltaire, founded in 1853 by Sir Titus Salt, and members of the party wrote very entertainingly of what they saw.

At each home visited the busy housewife greeted the inquisitive Americans with a smile. Limited for time, and our people, writes one, our party all asked questions at once; but, nothing daunted, the good woman answered in her own way. The information received seems to indicate that few, if any, of the workers of Saltaire expect to get rich, or even accumulate enough to embark in business on their own account. However, none die from want, as ample provision has been made by the founder of Saltaire for the care of the poor by the erection of almshouses, the outward appearance of which are even more inviting than the dwellings of the operatives.

One housewife said her family consisted of four persons. The father and son worked in the mill, the former a weaver earning 26 shillings a week, the latter a sorter earning 10 shillings a week. This family lives in four rooms, for which they pay a weekly rental of 3 shillings 3 pence. The cost of living, not including clothing, is 26 shillings a week.

Breakfast and supper usually consist of milk sops, coffee or tea, bread and butter, and, when not too dear, eggs. Meat is served nearly every day, with such vegetables as carrots, cabbage, and potatoes.

We interviewed many people, the answers being usually almost the same as given by this family. Some said they were idle nearly half the time during the winter. It would seem that the earnings of the father in the case mentioned were consumed in rent, coal, light, and furnishing the table. With the son's earnings, 10 shillings a week or $130 a year, four persons are to be clothed. There are no saloons in Saltaire and no evidences of disorder. The people are clean, intelligent, and happy, or, at least, as well satisfied as could be expected. On the whole, it would not pay the American operative to exchange places with the operative of Saltaire.

The women—well, who has not heard of the "Yorkshire lass"? But no hearsay can properly portray this particular type of womanhood. They have well-developed forms, nature showing in every outline, clear-cut, strongly marked features, characteristic of modesty, fidelity, and virtue. Their light hair and fair skin are in contrast with their melting, liquid brown eyes, while the glowing flush of health upon their cheeks outrivals England's emblem, the red, red rose. The thrift and housewifely qualities of the maiden are manifest in the wife by the neat, tidy appearance of the cozy little home over which they preside unruffled by the ambitions that unsettle the lives of so many of their sisters.

Forgot Something.

"Could I get a letter back that I dropped in a box up-town about an hour ago?" asked an anxious old woman at the general-delivery window of the New York post-office the other day.

"No, you couldn't," was the reply. "Letters dropped in the boxes must go the regular course. They can't be returned to the writer."

"Cayn't? Well, that's too bad. It's a real important letter to a darter o' mine livin' a few miles out o' Jersey City, and here I was green enough to mail it without backin' it proper, an' I'm' feared it'll be a long time gittin' to her. You couldn't have the mailin' clerk finish backin' it?"

"I don't know, but I doubt if I could. May be I can, though. What's missing from the address?"

"Well, it's addressed to Mrs. Susan Ann Honeyman, box 247, Jersey City."

"Isn't that all right?"

"Yes, all right fer as it goes; but it's a *real* important letter, and I forgot to put 'in haste' on it, that's all. If you'll just hunt it up and——"

But the crowd swept her away from the window before the sentence was finished.—Time.

Young Seals.

Very soon after landing the females are delivered of a young seal—a pup it is called. It is said that no case of twins has ever been recorded. After that she has more or less of a loose foot, going to the sea for the food whenever she wishes and only taking care to come back once every three or four days to suckle her young. The old male remains in his harem and fights. The lines of each male's lot are as rigidly fixed as though by a survey. Everything within those lines is his and any other male touches it at his peril. But if a pup wanders outside the lines the male takes no further interest in it and will not pay any attention to it until it returns. The young seals have a fondness for huddling together in groups of fifty or a hundred. The mother seal returning from the sea and seeking her own pup will go up to the group nearest the harem to which she belongs and will utter a call. By a wise provision of nature the young seal is perpetually uttering a peculiar cry like the bleat of a sheep. Thousands of such bleats will be going up all around, but the mother can pick her own pup's cry from them all and as soon as she hears it, pushes into the group, and, seizing the young seal, lugs it off to dinner. If she doesn't hear it after two or three calls she takes a nap and then tries again. No seal pup can tell its own mother. When it feels hungry it goes around trying different females until it finds the right one. No mother will suckle any but her own.

A lecture on fruit should always begin with a pear oration.—Merchant Traveler.